

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

SERMON

— BY —

REV. CHAS. L. KLOSS.

Delivered at the Public Memorial Service of Ransom Post,
No. 131, Department of Missouri, Grand
Army of the Republic.

AT WEBSTER GROVES CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

May 26, 1901.

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FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

WEBSTER GROVES, MO., March 22d, 1901.

MR. CHARLES W. BARSTOW, Commander Ransom Post G. A. R.,
St. Louis, Mo.

My Dear Sir:—I want to extend to you, and through you to the Post of which you are the honored Commander, my most hearty and cordial invitation to celebrate the memorial of our country's gallant dead, in the First Congregational Church of Webster Groves.

No one can look on the rapidly thinning ranks of the defenders of the Union with undimmed eye. The true epic of what your Comrades achieved in those four years of war has yet to be written. We are still too near events for clear historic judgment. Here and there are appreciative notes, striking and dramatic histories, but the full-orbed meaning of the struggle, the heroic defense, the countless sacrifices in their relation to the future of the Republic, that has yet to be written. Meanwhile we can mingle our tears over the dead, and gather in our churches once a year to stir our memories and point anew the lessons of gratitude to them and to the author of all liberties.

It is indeed a pleasure to offer you the hospitality of a church that has been dedicated to the maintenance of national and civic right; a church that will ever keep burning, I trust, the fires of an exalted and spotless patriotism; a church that will increasingly establish a comradeship in the realization and pursuit of the ideals of the Greater Republic. I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Sincerely yours,

CHAS. L. KLOSS.

ST. LOUIS, June 1st, 1901.

REV. CHARLES L. KLOSS, Webster Groves.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly furnish for publication your magnificent sermon, entitled "The New Patriotism," delivered in the First Congregational Church at Webster Groves on the morning of Memorial Sunday, the 26th ultimo, upon which occasion Ransom Post in its organized capacity was present on your invitation, as we feel it ought to

be preserved in a permanent form, and many wish the pleasure and profit of reading it, who could not be present with us.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. BARSTOW.	JAS. O. CHURCHILL.
ROBT. BUCHANAN.	S. D. WEBSTER.
SMITH P. GALT.	E. S. CRONK.
ARTHUR P. FORBES.	C. H. DAVIS.
DR. A. J. STEELE.	P. H. CLARKE.
GEO. W. BAILEY.	C. W. HOERMANN.
E. H. SAWYER.	C. J. COLLINS.
DELOS R. HAYNES.	E. MAGOON.
J. F. CLULEY.	JOHN RADEMAKER.
M. M. CLARK.	PHILIP A. MILLER.
L. B. RIPLEY.	WM. RANDOLPH.
BYRON W. McLAIN.	M. R. UDELL.

F. A. NAGEL.

WEBSTER GROVES, June 6th, 1901.

MESSRS. BARSTOW, BUCHANAN, GALT, FORBES, STEELE, WEBSTER,
CHURCHILL, BAILEY, SAWYER, HAYNES, CLULEY, CLARK, RIPLEY,
McLAIN AND OTHERS.

Commander and Comrades of Ransom Post, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—The occasion of the coming of your Post to our church will ever be a beautiful spot in the memories of the church and congregation. It is seldom that a minister faces so inspiring an audience. We felicitate ourselves to have had thus brought in upon us the lessons of patriotism, the cost of our liberties, and the wealth of sacrifice in our ancestry.

I count it an honor to accede to your request to furnish for publication the sermon delivered on that occasion. I herewith hand you the manuscript and take pleasure in dedicating the same to Ransom Post. I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Sincerely yours,

CHAS. L. KLOSS.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.
—John 15: 13.

We are met here to-day, citizens and comrades of the Greater Republic, to pay our tribute to our country's gallant dead; to thank God anew for such a nation as ours, for such a history of achievement, such institutions, such a destiny; to stir our memories and refresh our hearts with the patriotism of the past. We are met here that we may become worthy sons and daughters of the defenders of the Union; that we may increasingly appreciate our patrimony and lineage; and that we may get inspiration to meet present problems with the same heroism and self-sacrifice.

As a boy, I used to think that the proper way to celebrate Memorial Day was to pay respects to Jefferson Davis and castigate the government for her leniency in the days of reconstruction. My idea of patriotism was similar to that of a good many people now, who think it is manifested solely by a stiff twist to the British lion's tail. I heard Ben Butler in a stump speech once say: "What England wants, I don't want; what England doesn't want, I want." The remark caught the galleries, but it was cheap patriotism. As a child of the war, nursed on the stirring tales of that epoch-making time by returning heroes, cradled by hands of patriotism, it was no wonder that, like many another, there was little love in my heart for anything South of Mason and Dixon's line.

We are getting far enough away from those events for clearer and saner judgment. Surely it would be a prostitution of the day to glorify war, which the first commander of your Post justly characterized as "hell;" it would be a poor use of the day to stir up old-time passion and hatred. It is no mark of wisdom to depreciate the ability of an opponent, be it in debate or a fight. It takes nothing from the laurels of Grant or Sherman to extol the generalship and Christian character of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. It detracts nothing from the splendid courage of the Union soldiers to characterize Pickett's charge

at Gettysburg as one of the most daring and heroic in all history. When Mr. Beecher was making some historic speeches in England during the war, some man in the audience, at Liverpool I believe, asked him why the war was not ended in six months, as the North anticipated. Quick as a flash our great orator replied: "Because we are fighting Americans and not Englishmen." The Civil War was a war of brothers, Americans fighting Americans. God keep us from another fratricidal war! Across the bier of General Grant, who was first of all a man of peace, the North and South clasped hands, and within the past few years great advance has been made in the mingling together of the men who wore the blue and those who wore the gray. When Henry Grady appeared before the New England Society in Boston, a few years before his death, his theme was "The New South." The address was one of surpassing eloquence and rare insight, prophetic of the day when the New South was to give evidence of her loyalty to the flag and the Union. She has already done so, as the splendid services of General Fitzhugh Lee, Joe Wheeler, Hobson and of many a southern regiment in Cuba and the Philippines abundantly testify. The man who would foment strife between East or West, North or South, between labor and capital, or any section of our life, is the universal enemy. We have one flag, one constitution, one capital, one language, one country, one destiny, please God never more to be divided.

The Civil War was costly in money and men, but was worth all its cost. The integrity of the Union, the maintenance of our institutions, are worth a much greater expenditure. The best things are the costliest. If there have been many crimes committed in the name of liberty, as Madame Roland suggests, there have also been the most wonderful chapters of heroism placed to her credit. It is a mistake to suppose that we are through with conflicts. The form only has changed. If it cost this nation a half a million of lives and billions of treasure to free the negro and to hold the nation indissoluble, it will cost vastly more in money and men to teach our growing populations and the other nations of the world *our* meaning of liberty, *our* interpretation of human right. Was not the costliest spectacle the world ever witnessed the scene on Calvary? Have we read aright its meaning? The world is to be redeemed at great cost. The things that are spiritual, the heritage of every man born into the world, are not to be wrested and appropriated without shedding of blood. God spared not His Son, so great is the

cost. Does not a reverent reading of history indicate that before the world is redeemed, the last prodigal back in the Father's house, it is to involve the sacrifice of the sons of men? A person may give his thousands to some great charity, may endow a school or library, and people say that is generous. A young man gives up his hope of entering college, stays home and supports his parents, and you say that is noble. A general achieves a great victory, and applauding worlds say that is gallant. A man lays down his life for his country, and you say that is heroic. One, the matchless Master, gives his life even for his enemies, and that you must characterize as divine, and yet the one who comes near to this divine act is the one who holds his life to the defense of his country or friends. We are met here to-day to honor the memory of those boys in blue who did that very thing, who at their country's call took their lives in their hands and gave them a willing offering. To these men we bring our tribute of praise: to these men who have kept to us our liberties and made us the first nation of the world we sing:

“ Saviors of our Republic,
Heroes who wore the blue.
We owe the peace that surrounds us
And our nation's strength to you.
We owe it to you that our banner,
The fairest flag in the world,
Is to-day unstained, unsullied,
On the summer air unfurled.”

Abraham Lincoln, before his death, saw a conflict coming that would make the War of the Rebellion appear comparatively insignificant, and Wendell Phillips said that our cities would test our constitution more than slavery. The maladministration of our cities is the skeleton in our national closet. There are no cities of the Orient as bad as—Chicago. We may have a Declaration of Independence that is something more than a mass of glittering generalities, as some of our professors would have us believe: we have a constitution which, as Mr. McKinley says, framed for eight millions of people, does good service for eighty, but we are far yet from securing to each man the full measure of life, liberty and happiness to which he is entitled. There is much to be done before the ultimate democracy has come. The call was never so loud as to-day for patriots who will live for their country—a living that may involve more sacrifice than dying for it. One kind of war there is where men march out with guns and flags and music, and shoot each other down. In the morning

the ambulances come and we count up the wounded and the slain, and we talk about the horrors of war. The other kind is the kind that withholds subsistence from men, denies them opportunities, and the ambulance is required just as certainly. A man presses a button and orders a dozen factories closed, another captain of industry pockets our wheat or some other breadstuff and holds it till it has gone soaring, and thus levys a tax which the Czar of Russia could not do in his own land. A "Wizard of Finance" corners the oil, or coal, or iron, or the methods of transportation, and then proceeds to charge all the "traffic will bear," which is, being interpreted, all that the dear people will stand without revolution. The wars of greed, waged by the subtle forces of financial and political might, are the deadliest in history. Here a child dies, and there a mother or some poorly-nourished toiler throws up his hands in the night and goes to death from as mortal a wound as if shot by a bullet. The devastation wrought by untamed appetites and passion is annually greater than the ravages of an old-time plague. We have thirty murders a day, ten thousand a year—more lives lost in one year by homicide than killed in the wars in Cuba and the Philippines put together. We hunt people down with bloodhounds, and even burn them at the stake. The gambling spirit, the getting something for nothing, is the peculiar danger, the mania of the American people. It strikes at the tap root of all patriotism, honesty, manliness and loving service. It is no wonder that the messenger boys of Wall Street spend their spare time in playing craps, or that the young son of the Christian mother, who displays the trophies of her winnings in progressive euchre, should himself be one of the crack gamblers of the alley. The imposts levied by the saloon and brothel on young America are each year becoming more startling in their aggregate effect. We are familiar with the history of the infamous Allen law in our neighboring State of Illinois, and the threats of lynching by which the Chicago council was restrained from consummating a crime they were eager to do. We are familiar with the scandals of the Broadway franchise in the New York Board of Aldermen, and how, but the other day, the council of Kansas City, Kansas, were prevented, on the last day of their term by threats of indignant citizens, and a liberal display of rope nooses, from extending a railway franchise twenty-five years. The Legislature of Wisconsin overwhelmingly pledged to two great reforms—primary reform, and the destruction of monopoly by equal taxation for corporate and individual property—by judicious influence of the

lobby, repudiated those pledges the other day. The festering sores of municipal life, the rotten corruption, the boodling, the venality, the power of the boss, the defeats of justice, all these we know in all their sickening details. But worse than these is the dominance of the materialistic ideal and the bad citizenship of good citizens. That noble patriot, George William Curtis, a few years before his death said this: "While good men sit at home, not knowing that there is anything to be done, not caring to know, cultivating the feeling that politics are tiresome and dirty and politicians only vulgar bullies, half persuaded that a republic is the contemptible rule of the mob and secretly longing for a strong man and a splendid, vigorous despotism—then remember, it is not a government mastered by ignorance: it is government betrayed by intelligence. It is not the victory of the slums; it is the surrender of the schools. It is not that bad men are politically shrewd: it is that good men are political infidels and cowards." There are no proxies or substitutes in the matter of citizenship. The great unwashed always vote—it pays. In Boston recently, in a contest that was hotly contested, not one-half the men of voting age were found at the polls, and two of the worst wards in this respect were those containing the wealthiest and most cultured people. Is it any wonder that with this array of dangers we have magazine writers who talk about our decadent patriotism? We have pessimists and croakers who already see in us the type of Rome's fall, the lowering clouds of a second French Revolution.

Nevertheless—and hereby hangs a tale. Mr. Beecher was once asked by a woman the privilege of saying a few words in one of his meetings. Mr. Beecher courteously consented and the woman talked an hour and five minutes. When she was finally seated, Mr. Beecher arose and said simply: "*Nevertheless*, I believe in women talking in meeting." Notwithstanding this array of dangers, the New Patriotism has its eyes open, takes full account of all that menaces our country, and has estimated carefully by good scouts the full strength of the enemy. She knows something more than perils and dangers. She cannot be frightened. In a thousand battles in five great wars she has tested the spirit of the American people. The common people can be trusted. They will arise in their might and conquer the foes within, as valiantly as they fought the enemies without, and a "government of the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

THE NEW PATRIOTISM HAS FAITH IN OUR INSTITUTIONS.

Our fathers began by sowing plentifully white meeting houses and the little red school, and reaped a crop of Titanic patriots. We still have faith in those institutions as no other nation. As a result of the teaching of these twin institutions the sovereignty of man has gone like a tidal wave rolling irresistibly around the world. There are twenty republics in the new and seven in the old world. The Czar is in constant terror; the Kaiser tells his army to stand by him when the worst comes; when the Emperor of Austria dies no one can tell what will become of his dual empire. There is uneasiness on every throne of Europe, and there are threats of a federation to resist the trade encroachments of the young giant of the West, born of yesterday. All this has come from a single conception—the sovereignty of man. Ideas are potential according to their backing. This one has come straight from the heart of the Infinite.

If the citizen is sovereign, his rule must be based on intelligence, or else a republic becomes the worst form of despotism. The New Patriotism demands still greater faith in our schools and churches, our homes, our literature, and every intellectual lever of the people. It demands a thorough preparation for citizenship. The chief object of the State should be to teach how to become good citizens. Our boys are seldom able to indicate the trade or profession they mean to fill, but they all know they are to be citizens. The schooling of nearly ninety per cent. of our population is confined to the public schools. That being the case, we might teach them how Rome rose and fell, how to parse in Latin, and to trace out Greek roots; but above all and first, let us teach American history, American statesmanship, American valor, American pluck, American ideals to American boys and girls.

The Grand Army of the Republic has done much to inculcate these lessons of patriotism where most needed, in their flag presentations. I shall never forget a scene at one of the largest ward schools in Kansas City on just such an occasion. The school with the teachers was assembled on the campus. In the foreground was a little company of veterans. Old Glory had just been run up on an immense flag-pole. Then out from the ranks stepped a bronzed and bearded soldier, with one empty coat sleeve, and in a few simple remarks told what that flag stood for, what it had cost, and what he hoped it would mean to the scholars of that school. The scene, the uniform, the simple badge, the empty sleeve, the flag, made an indelible impression on all

who witnessed it. If there are materialistic ideas, if there exists a feeble civic conscience, if there appears to be a growing disrespect for law, the philosophy of meeting these all lies in emphasis at the beginnings of our life. Prevention is better than cure. We have half a million criminals loose, a quarter of a million of habitual criminals, and a hundred thousand of them confined in fifty penitentiaries and seventeen thousand county jails that cost the nation over five hundred million dollars to erect. To take care of these criminals and get them behind bars cost us a yearly bill of six hundred million dollars. This yearly expenditure would employ ten thousand missionary teachers at six hundred dollars apiece for one hundred years. The philosophy to be insisted upon is that we use our schools and churches and preventive agencies more than our jails and Pinkertons. We need a clean water supply more than filters. It is better to have clean streets, to tear down filthy tenements, abolish the slums, and enforce sanitary law than to build expensive hospitals. It is far better to kill diseased cows than to sterilize the milk. Seventy per cent. of the children of New York City die before they are two years old, and every tenth person a few years ago was a pauper. The best physician is the one who will keep us from getting sick; the best lawyer the one who will keep us from ruinous lawsuits. There are many who think the danger to our country is from old world immigration. There is little if we can educate the children of the immigrant. The reason of our greatness is due to the fact that we are a composite nation. Our best families are dying out. The old towns of Massachusetts, where they used to send out big families, are now occupied by foreigners, who have the large families. Only forty-six per cent. of the old Bay State is native population. But Massachusetts is doing her best work in throwing open her educational resources to these sons and daughters of other races and making Americans of them all. The reason why our American girl holds court of her own when she goes abroad, and makes the average European princess look like the fabled three dimes, is because she is such a glorious mixture. Into her mould has been poured all the beauty of the world. The New Patriotism demands that we give more time and attention to forming character than to reforming it; that we spend our money with a lavish hand on the preventive and educative agencies, those purifying and directing forces of our national life—the home, the church, the school, the press.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM HAS FAITH IN THE AMERICAN TYPE OF MANHOOD.

The true glory of our country consists not in the height of her mountains, nor in the length of her rivers, not in the broad expanse of her lakes, not in the majesty of her forests nor in the fertility of her soil, not in her commerce, her tall buildings, her material resources, but in her type of manhood. This is the glory of American citizenship and the hope of the future. Our cities are called "pocket editions of hell." People are often herded together like animals, and the horrors of the sweat shops and of how the "other half" lives, have been only too truly painted. Despite the much that would sicken us and make us lose heart, is that clinging belief in the American type of a man. It persists. We are talking less about our machines and more about our men. We are beginning to appraise a child as of more worth than a warehouse.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Money is not to be rated more than character. Human life must not continue to be cheap and dollars dear. This is the demand of the New Patriotism. Our nation is great not because of the exceptional men she has produced. Her greatness, the very perpetuity of her liberties, depends on the justice, the equality of opportunity she metes out to the weakest and poorest of her citizens. Rome sounded her own death knell when the patricians crushed the lower classes. You were familiar with the arguments used to buttress up slavery. It was characterized as "God-derived" and "God-acknowledged." But that blasphemy on humanity was refuted. There are still some left, whose hirelings discover biblical and economic reasons for the exploitation of the weak by the strong, but their number is growing beautifully less each day.

"Measures, not men" used to be the rallying cry of American political life. We are thinking now more of men, and echo the sentiment of that famous Senator who said: "I would prefer to have the laws made by Lucifer and executed by Gabriel, rather than to have them made by Gabriel and executed by Lucifer." It is not the platform or the party even that counts for much nowadays, but the men who make righteousness effective in national life. No man conversant with political life but what notes with satisfaction the toning up of candidates in the

past fifteen years. The demand of the New Patriotism is that some of these financial giants should be content with several millions apiece and go to work for the state, dedicate that rare organizing genius to the good of all. Mr. Carnegie thinks that the man who dies rich dies disgraced, and I hope indeed that he will die poor; but some day we will amend Mr. Carnegie's doctrine and say that, as long as there is as much need in the world for the bread of life, that a man will be disgraced who gets as rich as Mr. Carnegie—like Agassiz so busied with service to his fellows that he had no time to make money.

No proclamation can make the negro free. No constitution can of itself make people enlightened. No gift of universal suffrage can make men intelligent. It is the business of patriots to bridge the chasm between black and white, the ignorant and the cultured, the weak and the strong. This can be done only by sacrificial lives, where the wealthy bear the burdens of the poor, and the strong those of the weak. These rifts between men and classes must not widen and deepen. They must be bridged, filled up, if we are to have the great open highway for humanity to walk up to God—the ideal Christian Commonwealth. The great strong loving men must get down under the burdens of the Negro, the Pole, the Italian, the underfellow, and lift as a comrade. Co-operation is the watchword of the New Patriotism. No man can be hired to do our work. It was Lammennais who said: "I love my family more than myself, my village more than my family, my country more than my village, and mankind more than my country." That is a bit ideal, but it is the New Patriotism. Louis Pasteur said: "The true democracy is the one that gives to every individual the chance to accomplish his maximum of effort." This is the New Patriotism. What true men and women want, is not charity, not gratuities, but opportunity to fairly and worthily fight the battle of life. This is the New Patriotism. And it is one of the gratifying things to note that every branch of society is shot through with this doctrine. Men are studying with unparalleled eagerness social and economic questions, and demanding that they square with the New Testament. They are ready to sacrifice for the new crusade, not to rescue a tomb, but to save their brothers—much more pleasing to the Christ. Thank God, there are statesmen who serve the State, noble men and women, who pay out their vitality day after day for their country. The American diplomat, the patriot schoolmaster and the missionary will redeem and Americanize our new possessions by

their lives of sacrifice. We shall yet have clean cities and a municipal life above reproach. The coming generation will answer the call of our poet of the “average man”—*Sam Foss*:

Bring me men to match my mountains ;
 Bring me men to match my plains ;
Men with empires in their purpose,
 And new eras in their brains.
Bring me men to match my prairies,
 Men to match my inland seas,
Men whose thought shall pave a highway
 Up to ampler destinies ;
Pioneers to clear Thought's marshlands,
 And to cleanse old Error's fen ;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
 Bring me men !

Bring me men to match my forests,
 Strong to fight the storm and blast,
Branching toward the skyey future,
 Rooted in the fertile past.
Bring me men to match my valleys,
 Tolerant of sun and snow,
Men within whose fruitful purpose
 Time's consummate blooms shall grow.
Men to tame the tigerish instincts
 Of the lair and cave and den,
Cleanse the dragon slime of Nature—
 Bring me men !

Bring me men to match my rivers,
 Continent cleavers, flowing free,
Drawn by the eternal madness
 To be mingled with the sea ;
Men of oceanic impulse,
 Men whose moral currents sweep
Toward the wide-infolding ocean
 Of an undiscovered deep ;
Men who feel the strong pulsation
 Of the Central Sea, and then
Time their currents to its earth throb—
 Bring me men !

What is it that fires the national heart and makes every man of us want to live to see the America of a hundred or even fifty years from

now? We have drunk of the wine of hope and have heard the tramp of the millions of sacrificial ones who shall redeem our land. It was the new Republic that Sam Adams and Patrick Henry plead for, that Warren and Washington fought for. It was the nation that was to be that Meade's army saved from death on the heights of Gettysburg. It was the future great republic that Abraham Lincoln saw with prophetic eye and blessed with his heroic life and martyr's death. Somehow the American has clutched to himself the belief that this is peculiarly God's country, and that in this hemisphere is to be wrought out the true Christian State, the Kingdom of God on earth.

“ Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.”

If we were asked what was the greatest year of General Grant's life, we might say the year that saw the end of the war when General Lee surrendered, the year he was chosen president, or when he came back from his triumph around the world. It was none of these. In all the years of brilliant public achievement there is nothing to compare with the self-denial and grim fortitude of the last year of his life. Here we see true moral greatness. Twenty-one days before his death, after he had completed his task of writing his memoirs to wipe his name free from debt, he wrote on a tablet: “ If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur.” Many instances of such like heroism found in the common life of to-day make us believe we are equal to any crisis. Let the danger be but felt and clearly discerned and we come together as one man. We have been suckled on self-sacrifice. It is in our blood. It is the scarlet thread running through our history. Not a day passes but what some new example is heralded across the continent. But yesterday, two colored men were cleaning a boiler into which steam was accidentally admitted while they were at work. One of them jumped for the ladder and might have escaped; but he voluntarily stood aside and shouted: “ You go first, Jim: you are married.” Jim ran up the ladder which only one could use at a time, and Phelps waited till the steam had cooked his flesh. He lived two hours in the greatest agony. William Phelps was a common man and despised “ nigger,” but he was

one who laid down his life for his friend—"and greater love hath no man than this." Time would fail to tell the acts of the modern apostles of the faith, acts attested by a joyful sacrifice of their lives.

As we look into your faces, soldiers and patriots of the Grand Army of the Republic, as we read this roll of your dead, we are admonished that the day is rapidly approaching when you, too, will be mustered out. A short time before Benjamin Harrison's death, his former law partner, William Fishback, died, and the lawyers of Indianapolis met in the federal court room to take suitable action. General Harrison's remarks were brief and touching. In closing, he said: "In the dead of night, lately, gentlemen of the bar, my little daughter came to me with deep earnestness and said, 'Papa, in the big darkness of the night, I wake up and want to touch you. If I don't, I feel lonely.'" The general paused and then continued, "I put out my hand to touch my old friend; he is gone, and I am lonely."

Men of the Grand Army of the Republic, soon your sons and daughters, your friends, the nation, will stretch out hands to touch you, and you will have been mustered out, and we will be lonely. May God grant to you His peace in the closing years of your life. May those years be your happiest and best, and may you be comforted in seeing the generation of young America filled with the New Patriotism, intelligently alert to the needs of the hour, and men ready to give themselves as unselfishly to fight the battles of to-day as you did those of yesterday.



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